

TO PRESIDENT ABRAHAM.

---

300,000

MORE!

BY

GEORGE R. POULTON.

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ROCHESTER:

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# THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

WORDS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Moderato.

MUSIC BY G. R. POULTON.

The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note chords. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with lyrics.

The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with lyrics.

The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note chords. The vocal line concludes with the final lyrics.

abore; We leave our plows and work-shops, our wives and children

dear, With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.

*mf*

*colla voce*

## CHORUS.

TENOR.

ALTO. 1. We dare not look be - hind us, but steadfastly be -

SOPRANO. 2. And bay' - nets in the sun - light gleams, and bands brave music

BASS. 3. And a fare - well group stands weep - ing, at ev - ery cot - tage

4. Six hun - dred thou - sand loyal men and true have gone be -

fore; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bram, three hun - dred thou - sand more!

pour; We are, &c.

door; We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bram, three hun - dred thou - sand more!

fore; We are, &c.

## 2.

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the Northern sky,  
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descrie;  
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,  
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride.

*Chorus*—And bay'nets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—  
We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

## 3.

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,  
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into line;

And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;

*Chorus*—And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—  
We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

## 4.

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,  
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, and brother's bones beside;  
Or from foul Treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,  
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.

*Chorus*—Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—  
We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more

